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Ah ! who thy timid feet shall guard
From peril on life's dang'rous way ?
What guide thy steps to vice retard
And safely lead to virtue's sway ?
Look not around !—thy soft blue eye
Will but invite profession's guile,
By trusting faith believ'd ;—but fly—
Fell ruin lurks beneath its smile.
Oh ! didst thou know how vain the trust
On shaken reed of earth is found !
How fairest flow'rs by friendship nurs'd
Are strewn neglected on the ground !
By falsehood sever'd from the stem,
By pride and sordid int'rest torn,
In vain would hope re-gather them,
Swift down life's fleeting current borne.
The only refuge from despair—
The friend—when earthly friends decay—
Lives in thy breast, and gently there
Points to unfading realms of day.

TRUE LOVE.

They lov'd,—but not the mild pure light
Around *their* spirits sheds its beam,
That glows, when hearts together plight
The mutual vow of fond esteem.
That nameless sympathy of soul,
Caught not from transient beauty's smile,
Which lives beyond its weak control
Through time, and lives unchang'd the while.
Tho' fortune frown, and fate severe
Hurl stern adversity's fell dart,
That love can stay the falling tear
And soothe to peace, the aching heart.
But 'tis not, earth, a flow'r of thine,
Too pure to blossom on thy breast,
From heav'n, a visitant divine,
To hearts by virtue's seal impress'd.
The spurious plant, thy offspring vile,
Though often green and fair to view,
Poisons ere long its parent soil,
Then o'er the ruin withers too.

THE MOUNTAIN CLOUD.

How beautiful upon the mountain's height,
Yon fleecy cloud of soft and silvery light ;
Resting on earth its shadowy outline seems ;
Its summit sparkling in the sun's bright beams :
Onward it still pursues its radiant course
With unobtrusive yet resistless force,
Till gently mixing with the solar ray,
Its beauteous form exhales in light away.
Emblem of one, whose heav'n directed eye
Dwells not on earth, but seeks its native sky,
Whose smile reflects the beams of heav'nly love,
Pure, emanating from their source above,
A pilgrim here below, yet soon to be
Wafted thro' time into eternity !

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

There is a flower, a little flower,
Which blooms companion of my bower,
Unasked, unsought, without a care,
Smiling around, that flower is there.